

The
Alcester Grammar



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School Record

March, 1934.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 47.

MARCH, 1934.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

L. HARRIS, J. LANE, BAYLIS i., LEDBURY.

School Register.

Valete.

Sherwood, E. M. (Upp. V.), 1929-33.	Colegate, E. C. (Upp. IV.), 1929-33.
*Styler, S. C. (Upp. V.), 1928-33.	Stiles, C. H. (Upp. IV.), 1930-33.
Lilley, D. W. (Low. V.), 1930-33.	Coleman, L. H. W. (Low. IV.), 1929-33.
Sallis, S. (Low. V.), 1929-33.	Quinney, D. C. A. (i), 1932-33.
Treadgold, W. J. (Low. V.), 1926-33.	Quinney, T. C. A. (i), 1932-33.

*Prefect.

Salvete.

Blackmore, C. E. (iii).	Henman, D. W. (i).
Goulbourne, E. (Rem.)	Henman, M. E. (i).

Old Scholars' Guild Netus.

PRESIDENT—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

SECRETARY—S. BOWEN. TREASURER—R. SMITH.

The Winter Reunion was held at School on Saturday, December 16th, when more than seventy Old Scholars were present. The greater part of the evening was, as usual, devoted to dancing. On this occasion the music was directed by E. Bunting on a radio-gramophone, and was most successful. At the supper interval the balance-sheet for the year 1932-33 was adopted, a hearty vote of thanks being accorded to the honorary auditors, B. Walker and N. Staff. A very enjoyable evening concluded at midnight with "Auld Lang Syne."

In the football match with the School, played on December 9th, the Old Scholars won by four goals to nil. The team consisted of C. Bunting, G. Sheppard, D. Saunders, G. Horton, F. Bunting, N. Staff, E. Holworthy, B. Hodgkinson, W. Heard, F. Rook, G. Ross.

A hockey match with the School was played on December 16th, and resulted in a victory for the Old Scholars by 4—0. The Old Scholars were represented by R. Bunting, M. Sisam, K. Bomford, M. Davis, L. Heath, I. Staff, M. Bomford, M. Clark, M. Lane, G. Ainge, N. Ainge.

R. Bunting played for the Warwickshire Ladies' Hockey 1st XI. in the Midland Tournament at Worthing from December 28th to January 4th.

A most successful dance took place in the Town Hall on Thursday, December 28th. There were over eighty present, and the music was ably supplied by the Romaine Band, of Redditch.

A similar dance is being arranged for Thursday, April 5th (in Easter week). The same band has been secured, and dancing will take place from 9 till 2. Tickets (2s. 6d. each) may be obtained from members of the Committee, and from Mrs. Feast, J. Hemming, C. Holder and O. Jackson. Old Scholars are asked to give their Committee their heartiest support by attending this dance in large numbers.

All Old Scholars extend their deepest sympathy to Mrs. George (née Nancy Lamb) in the loss of her husband.

Marriage.

On February 12th, at Coughton, Arthur John Jephcoat (scholar 1916-24) to Florence Muriel Clark (scholar 1921-24).

Catching the Fast Post.

I opened the morning newspaper a few week ago, and on the page devoted to women's interests, a new competition was announced—a needlework and knitting competition. I glanced through the rules and regulations and, when I came to the end, decided that I would knit something for this competition. For about a week following the announcement, my head was buzzing with purls, and plains, and knit two together, until I settled down seriously to knit a jumper.

Full of enthusiasm, I occupied every spare moment with knitting until in a remarkably short time I had completed the front. My joy was great, and, still very keen, I set about the back. Things seemed to be going very favourably for me until one day I discovered I had no more wool. On picking up the label from an ounce that I had used, I read these words: "Customers are advised to buy enough wool to complete the garment in order to avoid disappointment." This was not very cheering, but I hoped for the best. This time fortune was on my side, and I matched the wool.

During the next few weeks I seemed to have so much to do that my jumper received very little attention. I was knitting a sleeve, and if there is one part of jumper I detest making, it is a sleeve. This fact, probably, did not help me to remember that soon the day would come when the entries were to be sent in. However, I again began to work slowly, and my jumper seemed as if it might be completed in time.

I received a very severe shock one morning, when I read that all entries were to be posted by a certain date. I began to work feverishly once more, but it was surprising how slowly my work seemed to grow; the week in which my jumper was to be sent in arrived, before it was completed. The Friday preceding the last day for entries came all too quickly, and all that remained to be done was the sewing together of the bits. By sitting up rather later than usual I was able to heave a sigh of relief before getting into bed, because my garment was finished. That night I even dreamed of jumpers, tissue paper, cardboard boxes, and post offices.

Before packing up my jumper on the following day, I decided to read the rules once more, and discovered that each entry must be accompanied by a special entry form, which had been published several days beforehand. I started a search for the required newspaper, but it kept me playing hide and seek for a good quarter of an hour. At last it submitted meekly, and I filled it in.

All was now ready for the final packing processes. As I had used a rather large box, I had some difficulty in finding a piece of brown paper large enough for the purpose. By the time the box was wrapped and the string neatly tied, there was only a quarter of an hour left before it would be too late. I picked up the parcel, and dashed to the post office.

At this juncture strange things began to happen. My parcel was put on the scales, and sent it down with a thud. A calm voice behind the counter said, "Ninepence, please." This was very queer; my jumper had only taken eight ounces of wool and yet, when it was in the box, it appeared to weigh about four and a half pounds. Perhaps it was the weight of the box, but somehow I seemed doubtful about that weight. However, seeing visions of a handsome cash prize, I calmly put down the money.

It was very peculiar, but the thought of that parcel weighing four and a half pounds did not seem to leave my mind for one moment. I was really puzzled. Still with this thought uppermost, I reached home, and took the lid off a box to examine my gym tunic, which had just returned from the cleaners. Imagine my surprise as my gaze fell upon the contents of the box; there was my jumper.

C. M. J.

Coloured Shirts.

When I hear a lion roar I am alarmed, when he brays, whatever "shirt" he wears, I know him to be only an ass—Æsop's Fable encourages thus the fainting heart of democracy in an age of dictators. The 20th century, an age of enlightenment, strives to explore the depths of life itself. We, the product of this age, develop theories about man's ancestry, refute all traditions as based upon prejudice, dismantle heroes of the past discovering the feet of clay, and are ourselves "the last word in scientific discoveries." Even in clothes, ignoring feminine attire,

fashions return to fundamentals. The shirt alone is now the vogue, the more conventional coat is discarded. Are we returning to the simple necessities of hardy primitive humanity? Does a Nazi "back to the land" slogan involve not only a challenge from country to town but from manual to brain workers also? If so, we may confidently expect that civilisation will perish and the shirt will be eventually succeeded by the fig leaves. The working man takes off his coat to work and no ornament or ceremonial trappings adorn him. The shirt is a symbol of honest labour, but need it be coloured? "The scope for reform in this country is immense, but we shall not achieve it by changing our hats or our shirts."—Drinkwater. Moreover, is there any reason to suppose that the skilled brain-worker ought to take off his coat to work? Experience teaches that the climate of this country does not favour nudists. If Captain Eden had interviewed Hitler in his shirt sleeves, the latter, if he owns a coat to take off, would certainly have copied Bismarck, who on a similar occasion, took off his own coat, remarking drily, "Yes it is very hot."

Economic efficiency, however, does not denote everything which the wearing of such political uniform suggests. There is also "that unity in equality which is the very essence of democracy." Every man, prince and peasant, aristocrat and democrat, employer and employee alike, wears a shirt. Hitler and Mussolini could not have made a more widespread appeal to the patriotic emotions of all classes in Germany and Italy. England, the mother of democracy, disclaims to wear a coloured shirt, for yellow, mauve and pink are the only colours unselected. England, proud of her individual freedom, tolerates all colours, from the grimy shirt of the coal miner to the exquisitely white linen of the aristocrat. She admires the nondescript striped shirt to the hardworking bourgeoisie. We are relieved the Government and the Deity in a simultaneous enthusiasm for "national economy" have not cut salaries and water supplies so much that we are all reduced to Fascist garbs.

The shirt, an international article of clothing, covers the naked problems of world peace. Red, green, black, blue and brown—all coloured shirts are supposed to denote economic efficiency, national prosperity, class equality, unity of action and uniformity of aim. But does this terrestrial rainbow promise international goodwill; will it prevent another deluge? Does salvation rest in wearing a

brown shirt, flinging up an arm and roaring, "Heil Hitler." Our crying need to-day is not motley fanatics but people of quick imagination, wide sympathy and disciplined intelligence. Forget the colour of their shirts!

"I would rather see the masses go to Hell in their own way than to Heaven by a Dictator." Democracy is not popular to-day, but notoriety must not be mistaken for fame. A dictatorship of shirts will not wash well in England. These private armies are too grotesque, too irritating for our cold phlegmatic temperament. Red flags arouse wild bulls, not Englishmen. On the Continent, shirts taken more seriously have resulted in the German Nazi "tyranny," the Irish "anarchy," the Austrian civil war horrors, and the Italian fascist outrages in the early days of Mussolini's dictatorship. But in England Fascists are arrested on the humiliating charge of being merely "a public nuisance." Public opinion, too steady, too independent, will have no sinister OGPU official but a good honest London Bobby, no proletarian dictatorship but "a Baldwin who sits and puffs his pipe and a Ramsay who rolls his r's"—more congenial to the English nature than a military dictator who ruled us with "blood and iron," clad us in brown shirts and ruthlessly scrutinised our ancestry to ascertain whether our grandmother was called Rebecca or our grandfather Isaac.

We do not cling to dictatorship and coloured rags, but this does not prove that we are not dominated by bespectacled bankers, shady financiers, ambitious commercialists, and unscrupulous journalists. The shirt is more respectable than the money bag; the shirt goes back to the creation, the money goes to the miser.

"When Adam delved and Eve spun,
Who was then the gentleman?"

"Close sits my shirt, but closer my skin"—one can hardly exist without the other to-day. Indeed, in the 16th century the grave claimed its woollen shroud as an aid to industry, not a post mortem comfort. The shirt denotes no class warfares. Rich and poor alike are attached to it. The Sultan Saladin on his death bed commanded no ceremony should be used except that a priest should carry his shirt on a lance, saying "Saladin, conqueror of the East, carries nothing of his greatness and wealth except a shirt for his shroud and ensign."

But the 19th century shirt became involved in social problems, the exploited worker, the sweated labour of men, women and children who toiled desperately to keep the "wolf from the door."

"It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures lives,
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

To-day the shirt is endangering democracy and world peace. Can Disarmament, the vital need, be secured by storm troopers? But you may say, "one man's food is another man's poison." When Germans cease the goose-step they must drag behind civilisation like the proverbial "old cow's tail." Hitler has created a new Germany. Throbbing, marching, emotional, regenerated and mystical." Italy, epitome of Mussolini, reflects his sombre glory. England has her uniforms, but they are not political. The blood-red shirt of the Internationale, the brown shirt of the Nazi, the black shirt of the Corporate State—none of these "breathe English air." England prefers to keep politics for elections and the hasty perusal of the newspaper over the breakfast table.

Red, black, brown or dirty as the shirt may be, it must neither be despised nor feared. The Jew many centuries ago incorporated all coloured shirts in Joseph's coat of many colours. A tradition is established. But Hitler will no doubt tell us that Joseph was an Aryan. England, they say, is threatened by Communism and Fascism, red and black. She will surely go to neither extremes while Alcester Grammar School continues to "tread the middle path," preserving the English tradition of compromise by flouting both red and black in its school colours.

A COMMITTEE MEMBER.

Notes and News.

Baylis ii and Perrott i have been promoted to full prefects, and Ledbury has been appointed a junior prefect.

The new Jackal captain is Hewlett i.

On Wednesday, February 7th, was opened the Science Library. This is housed in the Physic Laboratory, and is open from 12.45 to 1, and 1.30 to 1.50 daily.

At last the electric light installation has been completed, and only some scars in the white ceilings remain to remind us that not so very long ago the School was lighted by gas.

On Tuesday, February 6th, members of Form i, with Mr. Caton and Miss Weatherup, attended a performance of "Peter Pan" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham.

On Monday, February 12th, Miss Evans took a party from the Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms to Bournville to be conducted over the chocolate factory of Messrs. Cadbury.

On Wednesday, March 7th, the Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms, with Mr. Caton, Miss Deans and Mr. Druller, travelled to Stratford to attend a performance of "Knock," presented by the French Players.

Hockey colours have been awarded to F. Sore, and football colours to Hewlett i, Luker and Sherwood.

During the Christmas holiday, a patch in the centre of the rough field was levelled and relaid. It is hoped that a few cricket matches will be able to be played on this field this summer.

Baylis i has won an open scholarship in history at Keble College, Oxford.

Half-term was Monday, February 26th. An extra half-day was awarded in celebration of Baylis's success.

A hearty welcome is extended to Mrs. Thompson, who visits the School as Cookery and Needlework Mistress.

The Cricket XI. sent a wreath to the funeral of M. Buckle, who, as a member of the Stratford Grammar School XI., had put up some good performances against the School with both bat and ball.

Whither ?

The directors of the B.B.C. must be curious men—in several ways. They are now enquiring as to the future of Britain; and in spite of my contribution to a series on "This Changing World" some time ago, I find to my great astonishment that I have not been invited to give my views on the subject. Such a state of affairs cannot be allowed, and it rests with "The Record" to show to the world at large what enlightened opinions are held within the walls of A.G.S. It may be beyond Mr. Shaw's ken to understand how anyone knows where Britain is heading, but perhaps some kind soul will bring this article to his notice and fill the blank which is so noticeable in his intellect.

From better to worse, from richer to poorer—sorry! I appear to have strayed rather early into the marriage service—with that weakness so common and so dangerous to our sex—Whither Britain! The most important question seems to be—How are we to meet the danger of war? I believe that the new School uniform is incomplete without gas masks and revolver—the former to hide the facial expressions which are said to mar the general effect, the latter to protect us against those jealous rivals who maintain that we have gone one better than they have. In view of the danger that threatens from the air, a crow's nest should be erected on the roof of the main building, the sentry on duty therein to be armed with bad eggs (the relics of last year's starlings) which he is to hurl at every pacifist he sees. All boys will learn (after considerable practice, no doubt) how to switch off the electricity in the event of a "lights out" signal; it will probably be wise to keep the remains of the boy's football teas as rations in case of a siege.

Having by these means frightened all neighbours into believing that peace is the only alternative, we proceed to examine the economic question. Are we to have a planned economy, an unrestricted individualism or a typical English muddle? To be more relevant, are we to have standard bottles of milk, individual tastes in bread, cheese and pickled onions, or typical English "gateau" for lunch? The nation has turned the corner and money is flowing freely; the corner referred to is the Globe, the free flow is from the pockets of Messrs. L. and M. to the

till of Mrs. X. We can now, therefore, look forward to an era of plentiful pocket money; picture houses will flourish, sweet shops will set the wheels of trade running, pastry-cooks will oil the axles of industry—what need have we for export trades when such healthy examples of British youth as we see daily around us, are waiting to satisfy all their numerous desires?

Now the prophesy! There will be a slight disturbance over the West coast of Scotland shortly; causes may be attributed to earthquakes, the Knock-less monster, sudden activity on the part of the Government, or to an unexpected display of generosity on the part of certain inhabitants there. A large bubble at any rate is expected to burst in the near future, and the "Daily Terror" will be able to boast that it told us so from the beginning, and so immediately send off its star reporter to the more exciting realm of the divorce courts. Monsters will have nothing to do with the future of Britain; any stray curiosities will be refused admittance in view of the superabundance already existing. Shirts (not skirts) are likely to be worn longer, and a competition is shortly to be inaugurated to discover a new colour which matches dark hair, green eyes and brown socks with red stripes in them (they're all I have). On the more serious side of life, it is to be noted with deep regret that the art of football will decline as our prominent politicians die off. Past records will not be touched, since the goalkeeper is reported to be taking great care of the new nets. Let us mournfully turn our eyes from that spectacle and be more cheerful. Are we right in supposing that a middle school scholar stayed the course at a sausage and mash supper far better than any other visitor? Tinned food, we predict, will not carry the day without a severe struggle. Are we right also in supposing that the demand for a musical society meeting does not rest entirely on the confidence of certain budding soloists to entertain our eminent company? Would it be too much to connect it with the attractions of the gliding moon glistening with its glamorous beams on the gleaming white roadway, the stillness of the evening air being broken only by the romantic rattle of rubber tyres on the macadam surface? (No, Sir, that does not come from any cheap Euphuistic novel—it comes from my own innermost nature!).

By the way, what was the subject we started to discuss? Whither Britain? My goodness, I have kept to the subject well this time. Have I referred too much to our School, its people and their doings? Impossible! Are we not future Britons? Is not our future the future of Britain? I had a faint suspicion when I started that Whither A.G.S. meant Whither Britain; now I am certain. It only remains to remind oneself that the leaders of A.G.S. may not be the leaders of Britain: more than a good "left, right turn" is necessary to become a Field Marshal, more than a skill in debate to become a Prime Minister, more than a saintly appearance to become a famous author. So keep cheerful, dear readers, and don't worry as to the future of Britain, especially when there are still poets who can write as follows:—

"Where are you going to, Britain?" says he;
"No, she's not going milking, Sir," says he;
"She's staying right here in the midst of the sea,
Till the Monster of Lochness is stung by a bee."

We'll muddle along in the same old way;
The Briton at all costs will stick to his say.
Our leaders will sleep till we're out of the mess,
Not even disturbed by the great A.G.S.

ANON.

(The author desires to hide his identity because he does not really wish the B.B.C. to invite him to speak over the air. I doubt whether his motives are so altruistic.—EDITOR).

Modern Roadmaking.

The Editor, The A.G.S. Record.

Dear Sir,

Knowing that yours is a progressive magazine, I am venturing to write to you on one of the most progressive of modern professions—Roadmaking.

Modern roadmaking has been reduced to a fine art, in fact it has become a ritual with many of our rural authorities. It is the most progressive of all industries, indeed it progresses year in and year out. The authorities never seem to tire of "mending" the same piece of road. This accounts for the gradual deterioration of our roads.

Watch any road gang at work—from some vantage point of course, and you will invariably see the same procedure. The district Surveyor comes along in his car and discovers the best piece of road in his circuit; he informs his subordinate, and before one can say "hey presto" the whole road gang is encamped on the spot. After the whole of the roadmending paraphernalia has been dumped, the Foreman tells off two men of the twenty to start making a hole in the road so that the barriers can be put up. These obstacles are then erected, and the rest of the gang put up the tent and get the brazier going so that they can cook their bacon. Finally, two men are told off to sit at either end of the barricaded stretch of road, to wave the wrong coloured flags and keep the traffic in a jam.

The remaining sixteen men now sit down round the fire to cook their food and boil their billy cans, at the same time engaging in a friendly game of "solo" or perhaps, as this is "modern" roadmaking, in a game of bridge. When food is finally all cooked the remaining workmen are all called in to make a pleasant social meal of it, leaving the traffic to take care of itself, with most beneficial results.

After several days, when the gang has got acclimatised and into proper training and the local traffic into inaction and a perfect tangle, they start on their jobs in earnest. Spades and pickaxes are now issued, and six or seven may be seen diligently leaning on their tools, in the intervals between lighting their pipes and pretending to work. Ribald pleasantries are exchanged with all and sundry, and most passers by are vigorously greeted with:

"Ow'd yer like ter work for your living?"

Having spent many days in mining what was previously a passable roadway the workmen move onwards, giving place to a more pernicious process (if possible) performed by a motley crew armed with tarry brushes. This is, as you have guessed, the process of tarring. The Foreman is the star turn; it is he who holds the tar spray and directs the black sticky stream with unstinting generosity over all the portions of the roadway, whilst his broom-armed satellites brush the tar and apply chipped stones. His second in command tends the tar machine with care, his expansive smile, showing his pride in his gleaming charge, which is a cross between "The Rocket" and the local Fire

engine.—The real reason for his smile, is, that his job requires less effort, and he has more time for smoking than the others!

When the tar men have played to their hearts content, and the urchins have measured the size of their shoes in the sticky tar, the camp is moved on.

After the rough chips have been levelled down by the passing motor cars, and the roadway is again resembling its previous state, operations start once more. This time it is merely an excavation for a new water or power main, but it necessitates the digging up of the road again. Finally the whole tarring process is repeated. And thus it goes on—and on—and on.

This in brief is, my dear sir, a description of the most progressive and scientific of industries. I sincerely hope that the whole is not *too* scientific for publication, as I have made it as simple as possible. I hope that all your readers will now be able to understand the vital importance of good roads in England.

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

THE SPECTATOR.

Through the Classroom Window.

“Goal!”

A yell used to greet my ears as I looked out of the classroom window upon twenty-two jerseyed figures.

Now the field is being levelled, and, at the moment, instead of boys, piles of turf, closely resembling Swiss rolls are dotted about the green expanse. The goal-posts are still up, it is true, but the field now lies useless under a bombardment of hobnailed boots, a fusilade of spades and other implements. These piles of “Swiss rolls” make inviting “castles” for the younger boys, but this is not the purpose of the contractor who has the work in hand. Moreover, prefects are on the track of any such offenders.

Beyond the workers, a car stands at the far end of the field, a constant overseer of their toils.

H. ORME.

Labour SAVING Devices.

Picture before you two houses, exactly the same in structure, but very different in appearance. The one seems, even on the outside, untidy, dishevelled—the other clean, compact, bright and spruce. Let us make a tour of inspection of each.

Passing up the untidy, weed-strewn path belonging to the first house, the first thing to strike your eye is the long, unkept grass, that brushes your feet. The autumn twilight has already almost deepened into darkness, but as you fumble in vain for an old-fashioned bell, no friendly light shows above your head. Having at length succeeded in making your presence known, you would be ushered into a dim hall, where a smoky oil-lamp hangs in a corner, shedding a murky glow upon an old oak chest which is faintly covered with a film of dust. Having asked to see the mistress of the house, you would be conducted along a dark, windy passage with no other illumination than perhaps a feeble oil-lamp, or a candle, or even a match. Probably, before you have arrived at your destination, the faint light has been blown out, and you are left in total darkness, to feel your way as best you can. If you proposed to spend the night at this uncomfortable abode, most certainly the bedroom would be lit by a flickering lamp, enhanced, perhaps, with a few candles; an empty grate would further increase the atmosphere of chill discomfort. One word of advice. If ever you do find yourself obliged to stay in a house of this type, never, never ask for a hot bath in the morning; I did this once, and was told reproachfully, that it was too much to expect the little maid-of-all-work to heat and carry up water to a bedroom before breakfast!

But if you were to pay a visit to the modern house, you would receive, from even a superficial glance, a far more pleasant impression. From the appearance of the garden you would immediately judge that care had been given to it—that the grass had been cut by a lawn mower, and not left to the tender mercies of an occasional jobbing gardener. At this house there would be no fumbling for the bell—a bright light would be switched on over your head. No puzzling out the intricate workings of the bell itself—you would merely press a button! On going inside, you would be greeted by a well-shaded bright light, which

is reflected in the gleaming, chromium-plated bannisters, while not one particle of dust would you see. Were you to stay the night here, there would be no need to endeavour to find your way about the gloomy passages by feeling along the wall—no, the “wizard in the wall” would flood your passage with light which could be extinguished as soon as you liked.

And the bedroom—what a different aspect; how much more cheerful and cosy! At a touch a glowing fire would confront you; a reading lamp would be over the bed; hot and cold water would come at your command, while heated towels would await you. No longer would a request for a bath seem an outrageous proposal; why, you could even have a bath any time of the day that you wanted one!

Meeting the mistresses of both these houses, you would be amazed at the difference between them. The one would have no time for pleasure; she would be incessantly washing, ironing, sewing, cooking and acting as the general servant for the house. The other, rendered more pleasant by the cheerfulness of her surroundings, would have far more time for pleasure than her seemingly busier neighbour. Yet, as they both inhabit exactly similar houses, why is this? The answer lies in three words—Labour Saving Devices. While the one has laboriously to prepare, cook and carry in a meal, the other can prepare the food over night, place it in the refrigerator, and go out and amuse herself. Next day, while the one is forced to rise about six o'clock in order to light a fire in the big kitchen range, the happy housewife can, if she pleases, get out of bed at five minutes to eight, turn a tap, pop her sausages in the oven, lay the table, and pass the breakfast through the serving hatch, and the meal is ready!

What should we do without our Labour Saving Devices? How we should miss the friendly whistle of the kettle when it boils; the cheery satisfaction which can be obtained from a well-warmed and lighted room. I wonder if girls would feel inclined to wash their hair so often if, instead of applying the quick, electric hair-dryer, they were forced to go through the tedious process of rubbing with towels in order to dry their hair. Or if so much money would be spent on dress materials if every seam had to be done by hand without the welcome aid of the sewing machine? Think of the interminable dusting which would have to go on without the Hoover, or if all our chairs were made of intricately carved oak instead of chromium!

We must not blame the poor wife of the house without labour saving devices if her house does not look so smart as that of her more fortunate neighbour, for hers is not wilful neglect—she is simply incapable of doing all that needs to be done in one day. Perhaps, however, we shall go too far. Perhaps, one day, we shall be reduced to sleeping on the floor and eating with our fingers, for as yet no device has been found to alleviate the unpleasantness of either making beds or washing up.

R. E. W. S.

On the 'Bus.

How many are the thoughts that pass through the mind whilst one is waiting for the 'bus ! What if the 'bus has run out of petrol. Has it had an accident? As you wait there your anxiety drives you nearly desperate; you walk to and fro trying to look calm—for the benefit of the other waiting passengers—and all the time your mind is asking itself questions: "What shall I do if it has gone?" "Why won't that wretched 'bus hurry up? I shall miss my connection." So your mind rambles along and all the while your agitation increases.

You utter a profound sigh of relief as, just when you are despairing of catching any connection at all, the erring 'bus hurries round the corner. Even the conductor seems somewhat confused as he hustles you on to the 'bus, in a vain endeavour to catch up lost time. The 'bus, as is usual when you are tired, is full and you have to stand, clinging grimly to one of the straps hanging from the roof.

"Pass right down the 'bus" shouts the conductor and, willing to oblige him, you step, or rather shuffle, backwards. In doing so you accidentally tread on the toes of the fat old lady, hot and bothered with her numerous parcels, behind you. "I'm so sorry" you exclaim, turning round and meeting her cold baleful stare. While you are offering your profuse apologies to the old lady, the young one in front steps on your toes. You cease your apologies to the old lady and prepare to stare angrily at the clumsy young madam in front, instead of which, on seeing how pretty she is and hearing her apologies, you find yourself saying, "Oh, that's quite all right," and smiling sweetly and ingratiatingly.

The 'bus, having halted to pick up a passenger, decides to stop for good and considerable skill and argument is required to get it going again. All this while—and it seems several hours—you have been fuming inwardly at the shocking waste of time. "I could have walked it more quickly," you unreasonably tell yourself.

However, after what appears to be an age-long ride, you arrive at your destination. Unfortunately your troubles are not yet finished; you have yet to get off the 'bus, and this is an art in itself. You successfully pass the young lady in front, but there is yet the stout old gentleman, wheezing hoarsely, between you and the door. After much pushing and panting you at length pass him, now murmuring something about the rudeness of the modern young people.

With a sigh of relief you step off the 'bus. "Ouch, what was that?" you cry, as a raindrop, running off the roof, manages to insinuate itself between your scarf and your neck. As you hastily don your mackintosh you think, with a kind of melancholy disgust, what a frightful ordeal it is to travel on the 'bus.

S.J.L.

Olla Podrida.

Which member of the senior drill class is bow-legged in his arms?

Horticulture in the Latin lesson. *Puppis delphinum demersis rostris* = (says B.C.) Ships plunging their beaks like delphiniums.

And horticulture in the English lesson. A young barrister, remarks R.E.W.S., met the judges wearing a huge flaxen periwinkle.

The chief mountains in Chile, states R.C., are the Pennines. So we have lost another bit of old England !

" Chanticleer was laying on the foxes back." C.H.B.'s Chancerian humour is rather addled.

What budding footballer believes in kicking left-handed?

P.B. now measures electric currents with a stop-watch.

We wonder if our school bell-ringer has ever heard of the expression " tripping on the light fantastic toe."

Fishing.

Fishing is considered a sport, but where the sport comes in has yet to be discovered by some of us abstainers. Early on a summer's morning we are wakened by passing char-a-bancs, which are carrying fishermen, plus refreshments, plus the necessary equipment for this very strenuous and exciting sport. They probably reach their destination about 4 a.m., and then partake of light refreshment (some wives wonder why the word " light "). After this, unless they are exceptions to the fisherman's code, perfect silence is maintained while casting out their lines. Alas! they are suddenly disturbed, for climbing on the rails adjoining the river are hundreds of small boys all offering advice at the same time—that appeared to be the number to the magnifying eyes of the fishermen. After repelling the invaders, one member finds the fish are biting and already seeing the fish of his dreams, he quickly hauls in his line. His dreams are quickly shattered for a small minnow hangs on his hook, as if to say, " Patience! There are plenty more where I came from."

Coming to a sudden decision he moves along the bank where possibly there might be some trout. Having thrown:

out his line again, he finds it is dinner time, and seeks his comrades. Finding them, he assists them to empty the cases, as they need as much room as possible for the fish (so they say). He returns to his line, and then feels so tired that he lies down on the bank and a few minutes later the breezes waft to our ears the prolonged sound of snores.

He dreams. Ah! what a dream! A dream that only a fisherman can dream, but he wakes up just at the worst moment, namely, when he is about to produce the ten pound monster to quell his wife's derisive laughter. Sitting up he glances round, hardly daring to look up in case Matilda shall have seen him in deep oblivion. Just then his line runs out, a fish, perhaps a trout. Drawing in his line, he prepares to "tickle" the fish, but the only thing he tickles is his finger on the edge of a salmon tin. He notices that most of his mates are packing up; this convinces him that the salmon-tin's presence is the only sign of fish he has had. However, he consoles himself with the fact that the fishmongers will be open when he gets home, but he hopes that the "fruit" of a perfect day will not finish round his neck as they did last time.

P.S.—Several fishermen have sent up to a well-known paper, asking if the Loch Ness Monster could possibly be the fish that they recently lost after a terrific struggle.

A fisherman has a virtue, "Patience."

P. E. W.

Debating Society.

COMMITTEE—Miss Evans (Chairman), J. Lane, R. Spencer,

Baylis i, Sherwood, Bayne and Wheeler.

One very interesting debate has been held this term, when the motion that "The misuse of leisure and the wrong conception of woman's position in the community are the two greatest evils facing mankind to-day," was passed by a small margin. Baylis i led the proposers, Ledbury seconding, and J. Lane opposed; a lively debate

ensued on a difficult subject in the rather cramped atmosphere of the Sixth Form room. A second meeting is to be held on March 23rd, when the subject will be: "This house is firmly convinced that the younger generation read far too much drivel." Sherwood and J. Lane will head the proposition, Baylis i and R. Spencer the opposition, and every member has agreed to speak.

C.H.B.

Postage Stamp Club.

SECRETARY—Perrott i.

An effort has been made to resume the regular meetings of the club. In the earlier part of the term several meetings were spoiled by the smallness of the attendance. The experiment of holding meetings on Tuesday, instead of Thursday, is being tried, and already the attendance has shown a marked improvement. We would emphasise the fact that the activities of the club must be most seriously hampered unless all members make a determined effort to attend every meeting.

Scouts.

Scout periods this term are again on Fridays and have been nearly all spent outside, as the weather has been so fine and dry. Certain tests are proceeding, and new patrol leaders have been elected to replace Bailey and Styler, who have left us after being for several years two of our most prominent members. Inter-patrol games, such as bicycle relays, trails and "attack and defence," have been thoroughly enjoyed, and points obtained to date are as follows:—Eagles 199, Kangaroos 188, Bulldogs 176, Owls 155, Kingfishers 150, Peacocks 79.

The carol singing of the Scouts was much appreciated again at Christmas, and Miss Deans once more is to be praised for her tuition. The new record total of £6 15s. 4d. was collected, although the party estimate that they actually visited fewer houses than in past years.

P. L. EAGLES.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—W. Wright. SECRETARY—J. Jackson.

COMMITTEE—B. Clark, J. Lane, M. Bryan.

Despite the fact that the worn condition of the field has prevented the usual amount of practice, there has been a marked improvement in the First XI this term. Unfortunately in only one match have we been able to field a complete team.

The First XI have played five matches and three remain still to be played. Of those played three have been won and two lost. The Second XI were successful in their match against Stratford C. of E. Central School, and have two more matches to play.

The First XI has been represented by:—K. Gibbs, I. Tombs, J. Jackson, M. Bryan, B. Clark, M. Tombs, R. Spencer, W. Wright, M. Sisam, F. Sore, J. Lane. The following have represented the Second XI, or played as substitutes in the First XI or in the Second XI:—E. Lewis, M. Bomford, D. Hunt, S. Harris, Flora Johnson, M. Rowles, E. Smith, R. Collett, M. Clemson, M. Jones, M. Blackford, L. Harris, A. Savage, K. Collins.

The results of the School Matches are as follows:—

Autumn Term.

1st XI. v. Evesham Ladies (away), lost 2—9.

v. Old Scholars (home), lost 0—5.

2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI (away), lost 0—5.

v. Stratford C. of E. Central School (away), lost 2—3.

Spring Term.

1st XI. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost 1—4.

v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), won 9—2.

v. Studley Ladies (home), won 3—0.

v. Pershore Ladies (away), lost 3—10.

v. Evesham Ladies (home), won 2—0.

2nd XI. v. Stratford C. of E. Central School (home),
won 4—2.

Sides Match result:—Brownies 10, Jackals 0.

F.J.H.J.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Baylis i.

HON. SEC.—Baylis ii.

The School Eleven this year has again been rather mediocre, and this term we have won only one match, having drawn one and lost two. The general opinion is, however, that the defence has withstood all the shocks very well, and that again this term the forwards are lacking that extra dash and ball control which is necessary in the scoring of goals. More response this term has been got from Lower Fifth, for now two new members of that Form have gained places in the First XI, taking the places of Bailey and Styler, who have now left school; thus only three members of the team are left who have gained colours.

Results:—

A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won 1—0.

v. Old Scholars (home), lost 0—4.

v. Stratford N.F.U. 2nd XI. (away), lost 2—4.

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), drawn 1—1.

v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost 2—9.

v. Evesham Co-op. Society (home), won 2—1.

v. King's Norton S.S. (away), lost 0—4.

Juniors.

v. Alcester C. of E. School (home), lost 3—1.

v. Alcester C. of E. School (home), won 7—2.

Sides Matches.

Tomtits 9, Brownies 0.

Brownies 14, Jackals 2.

For the Juniors.

The Adventures of Maurice Mouse.

Maurice woke up one fine Spring morning feeling very hungry.

"I will get up, go out and find some food," he thought. The very first thing he did was to walk straight into a tree in his excitement. When he did get to the wood he tripped so gaily along that he did not see a hole at the foot of a tree, when whirr!—down! down! down! thud!—he found himself lying on his back. He picked himself up, looked round and found he was at the bottom of a long tunnel outside a little door.

Maurice knocked—rat-a-tat, tat.

"Come in," said a very old voice.

He opened the door and entered a little round room in the roots of the tree. On the far side sat a very old man in an arm-chair, and behind him was a door. In the middle was a table, on which were two jars—one with pink powder and the other with red.

"What do you want?" said the old man.

"I don't know," said Maurice.

"Then why did you come? Anyone who comes here has to stay with me."

"But I don't want to," said Maurice.

The old man took no notice and blew a little whistle. The door opened and a lot of little squirrels appeared.

"Take this thing out into the kitchen to peel potatoes," said the old man.

Immediately all the squirrels surrounded him and pushed him through the door into the kitchen. This was a very funny little room with a little range, and a table on which was a big bowl of potatoes.

Poor Maurice had to peel the potatoes, scrub the floor and light the fire.

Then the squirrels went in to dinner with the old man, but Maurice had to stay in the kitchen.

Now was his chance of escape. First he made sure that nobody was about. Then he slipped outside and ran till he came to his home.

He never went into the wood again.

COLLIER. 9 years. Form I.

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
